THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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ROSES.

My garden has roses red,
My garden has roses white;
But if when the day is sped
I stand by the gate at night,
One fragrance comes, when the day is dead,
From my roses white and my roses red.

The roses of joy are red,
The roses of pain are white;
But I think, when the day is sped
And I stand by the gate at night,
I shall know just this, when the day is dead,
That a rose is sweet be it white or red.

—Percy C. Ainsworth.

THE PACIFIC

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CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

President Harada of the Doshisha spoke at a union meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on Monday concerning Christianity in Japan. The religious question which is uppermost now in the minds of many Japanese, he said, is whether Christianity is a religion among many or the religion. His view concerning the future of Christianity among his people was optimistic. You cannot measure the success of the Christian religion in Japan by statistics, said Dr. Harada. There are large numbers outside the churches who are Christian in sentiment and spirit. Some time, though it cannot be predicted just when, they will be brought into the Church. Christianity, it was stated by Dr. Harada, had given new life to the old faiths. In way of illustration of the spirit of propagandism characterizing them he told of a new organization called the "Buddhist Salvation Army."

The presence of many Japanese in our universities was noted in a gratifying manner by Dr. Harada as were also other things tending to bind more closely together the Orient and the Occident.

President Motoda of St. Paul's School, Tokio, also spoke at the meeting of the ministers, and expressed his gratitude for what the people of this country had done for Japan during the last fifty years—especially the Christian people. Educated in this country and knowing from his own spiritual experience of the value of Christianity, he is anxious to have the Christian stamp put on individual and national life in Japan. He fears that unless made Christian it will ere long be without any religion at all.

The Japanese ideal, said President Motoda, is for a self-governing, a self-supporting, and a self-propagating church. "If you send men to govern us, you fail; if you send men to help us, you succeed." He reminded his hearers that they as a people were gathering religiously, educationally, and otherwise, from varied sources, were studying and weighing and assimilating and thus making up, in their racial alembic, new products, something quite Japanese, and just a little finer and better than may be found elsewhere. And who as yet will dare to say it is not so?

We judge from President Motoda's remarks that Episcopalianism in Japan is characterized more by the democratic spirit than it is in this and other countries. All of which augurs well for the future of Christianity there; and it is to be hoped in our own land also as those influences shall come to us from time to time.

Thinking now of these two addresses, and without notes to guide our thought, there comes the impression that President Harada of the Doshisha spoke as a citizen of the world; President Motoda of St. Paul's School as a citizen of Japan. Harada's idea is, the world is my country; Motoda's is, Japan is my country. Only now and then in any land, even in this day and age of the world, do we find a man with the world vision and spirit, and we must not be taken as criticising by this contrast that fine specimen of Christian manhood—President Motoda of Kyoto. And doubtless, more than his words indicate, this man—who would have his people gather from all other peoples, and from such gathering, through the assimilation and combination of the best, make up new life influences and systems—has largely the spirit which lifts above racial ideas and racial good and fixes the mind and heart on humanity and humanity's good.

A REGRETTABLE SITUATION.

The situation in the Baptist church at Los Gatos is a regrettable one. We write concerning it without any disposition to blame either the pastor or the people who have made him—the Rev. Robert Whitaker—the storm center of a hard battle because of his views on theological and sociological questions. Mr. Whitaker's advanced ideas on these questions were pretty well known by the members of his congregation before he was called to the pastorate and he had a somewhat intimate acquaintance with them before he entered on the work there, having been for some time previously a resident of the place. It seems that they ought to have been able to pull together. But, waters which were at first calm and peaceful were in a few months tossed in the fury of storm.

Supported by a majority of the people, a few withdrawing, the pastor goes on in the work, but the bitterness engendered scars the church and community and makes us to wonder whether such conflicts are unavoidable and must continue to be.

We recall in this connection what the Rev. Charles R. Brown said in his sermon on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the First Congregational church of Oakland, in effect that in all the fifty years of its history there had been no theological quarrels, no persecution because of opinion, no divisions to hinder there the work of Christ. Yet in that church were to be found men and women who held in the main to the convictions expressed by John Calvin and the great reformers and those who followed gladly the interpretations of Lyman Abbott and George A. Gordon.

"We do not all emphasize the same words or accent the same syllables in our varying interpretations of the eternal mystery," said Mr. Brown, "but we may work together in the spirit of Christian unity."

There is need in many churches for a larger intellectual hospitality. This need is usually more manifest in the smaller than it is in the larger churches.

As to the Los Gatos matter, Mr. Whitaker states that his views on theology are the same as those held by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York, and that they do

not differ materially from those of Professor Shailer Matthews and other leaders of Baptist thought in the University of Chicago.

It would seem to the outsider that an ordinary lay member in a little church like that at Los Gatos might safely entrust the ark of the Lord to the recognized leaders of Christian thought and busy themselves with works of righteousness in the community in which their lot in life has been cast.

But, Mr. Whitaker is a declared socialist. He says he has been that for eleven years. And he is so all embracing in his vision as to the future of socialism as to assert that even Theodore Roosevelt, if he lives long enough, will be a socialist. Such men as Roosevelt, and La Follette, he says, are working out the substance of socialism, and he believes it is bound to come.

Being a socialist Mr. Whitaker believes that sociological questions should be discussed in the pulpit; many believe that who are not socialists. But it may be that his socialistic ardor carries him to extremes sometimes in his pulpit utterances. He is reported as saying to a representative of a daily paper:

"Mind you, I believe in personal religion, and it should never be slighted. It is necessary for social religion that each of us experience the inspiration of spiritual things."

However, the next paragraph of his remarks reads:

"The only conversion worth while today is the conversion of the individual to the solution of the social problem. It is to open his eyes and kindle his heart until he places himself gladly and unreservedly on the altar of struggling humanity. His master passion will be the rescue of humanity from this world's hell of poverty and sorrow. 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of Suffering Humanity!'"

There is danger here. The gospel of suffering humanity may be preached in such a manner as to bring added woe—woe not so much to the man preaching it as to suffering humanity in general.. Appropos here is an incident which occurred at the recent celebration of Forefathers' Day by the Congregationalists of San Francisco and vicinity. The Rev. Dr. Kloss had given an able address on "Christianity and the Underfellow." Considerable emphasis—but in the judgment of nearly all present not over-emphasis—was laid on the wrongs to and sufferings of "the underfellow." When later Mr. George W. Dickie, who was for many years the superintendent of the Union Iron Works in San Francisco,, was called on for some remarks he took occasion to express the conviction that in San Francisco "the underfellow" is "on top." Mr. Dickie went on to show that San Francisco has for some time been in a deplorable condition industrially because dominated by labor leaders who demand more in many instances than the industries can stand. For example, at a time when several years ago the Union Iron Works was paying $10,000 in wages it was making a profit of only $62 a day. And when the men struck for an increase in wage of 50 cents a day, the profit on each man's labor was an average of only a cent and a quarter a day.

There was a time, said Mr. Dickie,, when the Union Iron Works gave support to nearly 40,000 people in this vicinity; today it is about 2,000.

It is not surprising that men like Mr. Dickie, when they hear one side of a great question discussed, feel impelled to present, even in blunt Scotch manner, the other side.

The preacher needs to guard against his pulpit utterances these days. We are facing troublous times. We cannot escape from the conviction that labor agitators are taking advantage of the large amount of talk of late about the wrongs of the working man, and the denunciations of corporations and the rich in general, and are moving on to the piling up of woe to the whole country.

IN ITS SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

The Pacific entered its sixty-first year the first of January. It has had a long career of usefulness, and it is to be hoped that to its three score years may be added many more. To our mind the need for such a paper on the Pacific Coast cannot be questioned. The general testimony is to the effect that a large amount of good reading matter gets into its columns each year in addition to the church news—and as a purveyor of church news, no other part of our Congregational domain has anything in any way comparable with it. Often for week after week for the three Pacific Coast states that are served by The Pacific as much space is given to church news as the other denominational papers use in reporting for the whole United States.

As a financial affair The Pacific never has been and perhaps never will be a success. We have stopped regretting that, accepting at least in our life-time the inevitable in that respect. But we do regret that the paper does not serve a larger number of people. So many tell in one way and another of the helpfulness of the paper that we want to see its influence for good widened by its introduction into more homes. We believe that this could be done if sometime during the year there were in every church a "Pacific Day." And, why not? Is there any more reason why home missions, and foreign missions and church building interests should be considered than that there should be at least a few words each year about the church paper?

You cannot put such a paper as The Pacific on the business list; it can't be run as a business proposition— in a successful business way. It is a missionary enterprise — as everyone connected with it well knows.

Its friends—and it has many—say that people who take it get the worth of their money. But the passing years are carrying many of its long-time readers into the heavenly life and we see no way to get many new ones unless pastors will see the way clear, notwithstanding their multifarious duties, to take it into their hearts very much as they do our benevolent societies and commend it as worthy a place in all Congregational homes.

We do not lay this extra burden on our busy pastors. We have no right to do so. But we have no doubt that every pastor who could see the way clear to take up the matter could without any help or suggestion from us devise some way by which the paper could be brought to the attention of his people so impressively that a few new names could be sent in from every church in which such action were taken.

In some churches this could be done simply by a few urgent words from the pulpit and the naming of someone to receive and send in the new subscriptions. In other churches perhaps only personal solicitation would accomplish anything.

The pelt of one black fox sold recently in London for $2,750. In expensiveness the fur of the black fox stands next to Russian sable.

AN UNWISE FAREWELL.

The Rev. Dr. Vosburgh, who was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oakland for nine years and who went the first of the year to a pastorate at Camden, New Jersey, took occasion the last Sunday he was with the church in Oakland to criticize it in that it had not given him more liberal financial support. Perhaps the criticism was needed, but we doubt the wisdom of such remarks from the pulpit. They usually do more harm than good. No one could read Dr. Vosburgh's words, quoted in the daily papers, and fail to think that people who did not know him not to be a self-seeker would set him down as being in the ministry more for the money there is in it,—little as it is,—than for the upbuilding on the earth of righteousness. Contrast was made by him of the $3,000 salary received in Oakland and the much larger one promised him in Camden. Among his words to his people were these:

"You ask more of your pastor than he has the power to perform. You install a $12,000 organ, and you seek to economize by pinching a few hundred dollars out of your pastor's salary. How much have you added to the pastoral efficiency of your church in the past few years?

"Living has become more and more expensive, and yet the support you give is no greater than it was five years ago. Give your pastor enough so that he won't have to borrow money to get out of town. A good farmer doesn't economize on the feed of his dray horses, but the dray horses of the church are left to shift for themselves.

"Still, I thank the congregation for its loyalty and support, but I must say that a Baptist clergyman cannot come to the region around San Francisco bay and leave with a sense of peace and prosperity. I have taken a pathetic interest in Baptist clergymen coming here and have endeavored to give them all the support possible, because I know the heart-breaking sense of failure that most of them are bound to experience. Support is not given by men and women of high position in our church. The rank and file is, however, loyal.

"I have found that the men and women who were most urgent in getting me to come here were the ones who treated me with positive unkindness. I have never left a place with more heartaches because of my inability to meet the demands of the situation."

Dr. Vosburgh did an excellent work in Oakland and will always be widely esteemed. He wasn't forced out of his pastorate there,—except as lack of desired support forced him out.

We comment on his farewell utte
that persons to whom our comment may go will be thus rendered less liable to do as he did in parting from their churches.

We have heard only unfavorable comm
well words so far as they related to financial matters. The financial affairs of a church so far as they relate to the minister are delicate things to touch upon. As to these and many other things it is better usually for the minister to suffer in silence. The laity who fail to do their duty will meet the consequences of such failure sometime.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands he waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

Who would like to be a hedgehog? now that scientific investigators have found that it is immune to snake venom and to the toxins of diphtheria and tetanus.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In New York there is a club of boys with the name, "Boy Scouts of Charity." The name suggests the worthy aim of the club.

Spelling classes were started in Wellesley College just after the holidays and more than 600 girls enrolled therein. All students who submitted papers in which three words were misspelled were required to enter the classes. At a recent faculty meeting it was voted as essential that college girls know how to spell, and at Wellesley nearly one-half of those in attendance were found deficient.

A novel patent for counting eggs as they are laid is described by the Scientific American. The purpose of the device is to ascertain the laying capacities or qualities of a hen by marking each egg as it is laid and this is accomplished by attaching it to the hen. Securing rings, apparently of metal, are passed through the cartilaginous parts of the hen and co-operate with spring devices in securing the marking devices in position on the hen so that as the egg is laid the marking device is brought into position to produce on the egg the distinctive mark appropriated to the particular hen.

Immunity against typhoid fever by inoculation is now an established fact. In Massachusetts there have been 1588 inoculations practised on 450 persons by the State Board of Health and the physician who is secretary of the Board says: "As yet there have been no untoward results, and we believe that the inoculated individuals have acquired an increased resistance to typhoid infection which will last them for several years at least. We expect in the coming year to extend the influence of these inoculations, especially among nurses and others attendant upon the sick. Furthermore, we have strong faith that the procedure will, within a short time, find increasing favor with the general public, which, exposed as it is to many sources of infection, is in great need of specific protection."

"The Coming Religion" is the title of a new book by Charles F. Dole of Boston. We have not seen the book, but a reviewer says of it in one of the Boston daily papers: "This is another attempt to formulate a new religion, or to forecast the religion of the future. In general the author's position is that of Dr. Eliot, except that he does not seem to have the appreciation that Dr. Eliot has for the great work of Christ, and he does not grant as commanding a place to Christ in the religion of the future as does Dr. Eliot. In short, it is quite evident that the President-emeritus of Harvard has a much profounder appreciation of the difficulties that the religion of the future must encounter than does Dr. Dole; and we think the former estimates better the temper of men of today than does the latter."

There are not many foreigners in Japan. According to some recent statistics the Chinese number 12,434; the British 2000; Americans about 1,500; French and Germans 500; and a few other nationalities from one hundred to two hundred. In a recent book published by Scribners it is said: "The State is the emperor and his person is sacred; his decisions are looked upon as actually coming from Heaven, whose offspring he is supposed to be. The sovereign apart, the Japanese are some what democratic, as are the Chinese and Orientals generally; there does not exist a haughty aristocracy as in England, or one autocratic and stiff as in Germany. As a consequence, from a social standpoint, there is greater equality in Ja-

pan than almost anywhere." The high cost of living appears to have reached Japan, comparing conditions with thirty years ago; then a family could live on fifteen yen a month. Today life has become so costly that the family which formerly expended fifteen yen must now spend fifty. Therefore there is much poverty and everything is taxed to the limit.

The Western Christian Advocate, commenting on the movement in the Southern Methodist Church to put several hundred thousand dollars into a cathedral at the national capital, asks, "Why cannot American Methodism unitedly build such a church?" remarking, "If there is any place where the essential unity of Methodism should be emphasized it is at Washington." To this the St. Louis Christian Advocate, representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, makes reply: "We not only second this motion of Doctr Levi Gilbert, the brainy and big-hearted editr of the Western, but congratulate him on having made the wisest and most far-reaching suggestion we have heard or read in a long time. The M. E. Church could easily raise a million and we could raise a half million of dollars with which we could build a church that would be really worthy of American Methodism. That would bless our nation and world for a thusand years. An up-to-date church with the best facilities for Sunday-school and lecture work with two of the ablest preachers to be found in the North and South for co-pastors."

Numerous additions to the "conscience fund" have been received of late by the postoffice department at Washington. One man, thirty-eight years old, writing from Des Moines, Ia., admitted having robbed the post office at Eldon, Ia., when he was seventeen years old. The total amount of his loot was $7, which he promises to repay as soon as he can obtain the cash. Another correspondent from New York city enclosed a ten-dollar bill to be applied to the conscince fund, but gives no details of the fraud. Fifteen new one-dollar bills were enclosed in an envelope postmarked "Cincinnati, O.," with no explanation except that the sum was a contribution to the conscience fund. A three-page letter was inscribed by a young woman in Nebraska, enclosing a two-cent stamp. She explained that she had received several years ago a letter on which the stamp had not been cancelled. She used the stamp again and her conscience has been troubling her ever since. Recently she was turned away from her home by her father because she had joined a certain church. Desiring to live an "honest and holy life" she felt that she must return to the Government the stamp she had used dishonestly.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Thirteenth Triennial Convention of the International Sunday School Association, in San Francisco, June 20-27, 1911, will be composed of 4400 official delegates, in addition to the specially invited guests. This is double the usual number of regular delegates, the increase having been granted by the International Committee in response to requests from many states and provinces, whose leaders report unusual interest in the convention and an unprecedented desire for places in official delegations. The delegates will be appointed by the several state provincial and territorial associations.

The fare for the round trip will be $62.50, from Chicago, and $50 from Missouri River points. It is expected that the transportation lines east and south of these terminals will grant special convention rates. Tickets will be good going by any direct line to San Francisco, and returning by any other direct line to the starting point. It is expected that liberal stop-over provisions will be made. An additional charge of $15 will be made for each person returning by way of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Hartshorn reports unusual interest in the coming convention, and says that it will be the largest in the 38 years' history of the organization. It will be the first time the convention has been held West of the Rocky Mountains.

The Men's Parade at the International Sunday School Convention, in San Francisco, will take place Friday, June 23. Mr. W. C. Pearce, International Department Superintendent expects to have 15,000 men in line.

The Convention will emphasize the value and importance of Bible study and will recognize by one or more great addresses the tercentenary of the publication of the King James version of the English Bible.

CARNEGIE'S PEACE HYMN.

New Words Written to Music of America by Professor Huntington.

Andrew Carnegie has found a "Hymn of International Peace" that he prefers to "America," although the metre is the same. While he prefers the new words, he does not urge them as a substitute, however. Several thousand copies of the hymn have been distributed by Mr. Carnegie among those interested in the peace movment. It was written by Professor George Huntington, formerly of Oak Park, Ill., and later librarian at Carleton College, at Northfield, Minn., who retired some years ago on a pension from the Carnegie Foundation. The hymn is:

Two Empires by the Sea,
Two Nations great and Free
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim
One God, whose glorious Name
We love and praise.

What deeds our Fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come victories of peace;
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,
Unsheathe the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green
With bonds of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear land we love
Both East and West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

THE RETURN OF THE MODOC INDIANS TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

A writer in the New York Sun sketches the history of the Modocs and tells of their exile to Oklahoma and their return to the Coast:

The story of the Modocs is written in blood and flame. It seems incongruous that the last act should have so tame an ending as we have just seen.

When the white man first swept into southern Oregon and Northern California he found the Modocs, never strong in number, but of splendid fighting stock, living in the land of lakes and hills that lies on the border of the two States. The Modocs were an offshoot of the conquering Tinne race that swept down from the north a thousand years ago. The onrush of northern hunters went clear to Mexico. The Apache, Navajo and Lipan were its southern champions; the Klamath, Hoopa and Modocs were left behind in Oregon and California.

Fighting, grim and great, men of athletic build and iron courage, the Modocs were also people of a dark and gloomy character. They were unlike most of the other California tribes, far different from the merry Wintoons and the amiable, legend-telling Kahroks who surrounded them. They had a stern and unhappy mythology of their own; they looked at life in a serious and sullen fashion, and seemed to have but one real love and one real thought to stir their souls—love of their native territory.

After much fighting between the white man and the Modocs a portion of the tribe agreed in 1864 to give up the stretch of land they considered their own and to be herded with the Klamath on the latter nation's big reserve. This change was not at all displeasing to the portion of the tribe which accepted the agreement, but one faction, headed by Kientpoos—known to Western lore as Captain Jack—objected strongly to the transfer.

This branch, numbering probably not over 225 souls, hated to leave their lava beds and leaping rivers. They went to the Klamath reservation under protest and ere long made the protest stronger by declaring that they could not live in amity with the Klamaths.

Kientpoos begged permission to return whence he came. The Government received his plea with red tape and some more red tape. Kientpoos made further protest, which was duly placed on record. Then Kientpoos and his men took action, cutting the Gordon knot in the Indian way. They fled from the Klamath reservation, jumped back to their former home—and the war was on. The Modocs whipped everything the Government sent against them, and week after week fought for their independence. At last a peace commission was appointed to deal with them. They murdered the commission, headed by General Canby, and from that day their doom was sealed.

Uncle Sam sent new forces, and the Modocs, retiring to that hell on earth known as the lava beds, cheerfully shot them to pieces from the shelter of the rocks. More soldiers came, and also Warm Spring Indians, old enemies of the Modocs. The Modocs continued to whip everything that came near them, but hunger did its work and at last the tribe surrendered..

Kientpoos and his councilors were duly hanged on the Klamath reservation. Then his tribe, 140 strong, were shipped to Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma. Here they were assigned to a reservation, and set to learn the arts of civilization. They learned them too. They became Christians, farmers, good, hard working citizens. They never created even the least disorder—and they faded away, one by one.

But the Government kept them herded in the climate of Oklahoma—very good climate for those who like it, but very bad for mountain Indians. At last it was discovered that the original generation of fighting Modocs were all dead—and the Government decided that their children, if they so desired, could all go home.

And here was shown the strength of blood and family tradition. The young Modocs had never seen the mountains and the lakes. They were settled on allotments of good land, making their living in the white man's way. The country of their fathers was only a story to those Indian youth—a story told at night in the shanty cabins. But it was a story that held their hearts and drew them back to the lakes and mountains.

Only forty-nine of the tribe remained—just 35 per cent of the number first taken from their far off homes. The forty-nine packed up their slender baggage and the Government sent them safely back to the dwelling-place of their forefathers.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

W. N. Burr.

The season had dipped well into January and the rainfall had been but the merest pittance, so slight that some could scarce be convinced that on a day in October the dust had been laid by a fairly heavy afternoon shower. The barley fields lay unplowed, and the ground, usually covered with a carpeting of green long before the new year dawns, still held the country in the thrall of faded browns—the tarnished trappings of the long dry summer.

On Sunday, January 8, the sun came up in a clear sky, and the day, like all the days of the new year that had preceded it, was warm and cloudless. The mountains, towering in their strength all above us, stood bathed in a flood of soft moonlight as we entered the church that night for evening worship. When we came out we found that something had been going on out-of-doors while we had been at our evening devotions. Great, billowy clouds had rolled in from somewhere, and one responsive to Nature's finer feeling could readily sense in the air a subtle disturbance presaging the approach of the Rain-Spirit.

And sometime during the night the rain came. We found it merrily pelting all out-doors when we awoke in the morning, and we knew that every human heart in all the region was rejoicing, unless, perchance, some thoughtless winter tourist might be found who had come to Southern California for Sunshine, and ,disappointed in his picnic plans for the day, perhaps, was growling, forgetful that

"Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power."

It was "Minister's Meeting Day" down at the First church in Los Angeles, and I allowed no dripping rain-clouds to spoil for me my monthly picnic. Out into the drizzle we drove, sheltered in the curtained stage, and in good time joined the throng scurrying along the rain-beaten streets of the crowded city.

A time of refreshing it was out-of-doors. And at the Minister's Meeting it was "Times of Refreshing" that the brethren took up for discussion, though they put it in other words—"The Evangelism for Today in Southern California."

Rev. A. W. Hare, of Eagle Rock was the first speaker, and he made a strong plea for quality rather than quantity. Some of the rest of us who are quality-born looked into his strong, clean face and caught his strong, clean sentences with minds and hearts as responsive as the "receiver" to the "transmitter" in wireless telegraphy. Oh, it is good to know that there are other people in the world who feel as we feel, who find their delight where we find ours, who feast at the same tables that hold the food we relish. "I think it a pity that a man like Dr. Dawson can come to America to do evangelistic work, and fail," said Mr. Hare. And then he had some things to say about the cheap type of mind and passion that is

"Sadly contented with a show of things,"

the big-crowd, big-numeral type that feeds on the rubbish of quantity with little regard for the quality of the service rendered.

Rev. J. H. Mallows, of Plymouth church, Los Angeles, followed Mr. Hare in a helpful talk along the same line. If there are any more such gentle, tender, heart-to-heart men in old England as our English Mallows may they be the men from beyond the sea to find their way to American pastorates. He pleaded for individual effort, faithful work in the Sunday school, and for special meetings of the quiet kind, as the most desirable methods for bringing men into the Kingdom. And again our hearts responded to a subtle drawing on the fountains of the inner feeling.

"Bu-ut," as Joseph Cook used to say. And, by the way, any man who may ever have heard Joseph Cook say "bu-ut" will never forget it. It was one of the signs that marked him as a student of both sides of a question. There was no "bu-ut" in the discussion of modern methods of evangelism at the Minister's Meeting last Monday morning, save once, when one of the brethren quoted one of another denomination as having remarked recently that "if Billy Sunday were to come to Los Angeles he would wake things up," some enthusiastic admirer of Sunday burst out with, "you bet he would!" It came almost like a bomb from the enemy into our orderly Congregational camp, but it was not an enemy's bomb at all, but just a little of the family enthusiasm that had found a vent. We Congregationalists have more hot water in our boilers than some good people give us credit for. Here is one who is a Congregationalist from head to foot, ending a sentence with a preposition, which is not according to Congregational usage at all. We slip once in a while, thus proving that we are human, just like other folks. And there is a "bu-ut" that has a place in any discussion of Dawson **versus** Sunday evangelism.

If I could hear Billy Sunday by walking across the street, or Dr. W. J. Dawson by walking some twenty blocks, I would start early and cover the twenty blocks, for I am a good walker. Everything in my mental and spiritual makeup revolts at the Billy Sunday way of doing things, and I would be willing to lay a heavy tax on the physical part of my being to escape from Mr. Sunday and find protection under the sheltering influences of a man like Mr. Dawson. "Bu-ut," there are lots of people in this world who have no more relish for that which is meat and drink to me than I have for that which is meat and drink to them; and the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians—followed by the thirteenth chapter—is in my new testament, and in theirs too; and we ought both of us to be running to that spring of divine instruction and drinking deeply of its healing waters. There are diversities of gifts, there are differences of administrations, there are diversities of operations, but in all these worketh one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. The Billy Sunday type of evangelism has a place in this world because there are lots of people in this world of the Billy Sunday type, and we would better be saying "God bless you" when some of them gather themselves together and go out to win their own kind into the Kingdom in their own boisterous way; and they would better be learning to say "God bless you" to men of the gentler temper, and to recognize the fact that people of refinement and culture and quietness can be Christians. To no one set of us has all power yet been given, power to discern truth in its entirety. But one from his viewpoint sees one portion of truth, and another from a different viewpoint sees another portion of truth, and each might help to broaden the truth-vision of the other if both would allow the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians to be well ground into them.

It is good for a man that he be a country pastor, and the only pastor in a community made up of all sorts and conditions of men—and women—denominationally and undenominationally. From his mixed flock he will be learning some choice lessons, if he is a teachable man, and some of the finest of these lessons will be coming to him in his study of the science of give and take, and take and give. What methods of evangelism are possible in a small community church where people of the Sunday type and people of the Dawson type are, perforce, touching elbows in any evangelistic work that may be going on in that community? What better method of evangelism for both the church and for all the rest of the community can one attempt than to lovingly soak that community in the teachings of the twelfth and thirteen chapters of I Corinthians. The work of the Spirit is not confined to any one type of taste and temperament.

La Canada, California.

THE WAY OF LOVE.

Shelton Bissell.

We believe that the atonement is the cardinal Christian fact. It rests at the heart of our faith. Without it, our religion would be "stale, flat and unprofitable." Yet the average Christian, while he clings blindly to the truth, has flung away his doctrine. This being the lamentable case, it will not be long before the experience becomes obsolescent in Christianity, also. For, recognizing as we do, that a doctrine is only the orderly intellectualizing of an inner spiritual reality, we must also frankly admit that when men cease to care to account rationally for a fact, they soon cease to care for the fact itself. An experience which counts for anything must be taken up and woven into the stream of reflective mental life.

It is probable that the grotesque, mechanical and altogether unnatural explanations which men have given to the heart-compelling experience of humanity as it gazes on Golgotha, have done not a little to shake modern men's belief in any theory of the Atonement whatsoever. "If that is the best that the schoolmen, theologians, philosophers, sages and prophets can do for us, it is not good enough for troubled, perplexed, truth-hungry men and women," they say. The very phrase, "scheme of salvation," is self-condemnatory in these days when things come to pass in life, not through arbitrary or mechanical device, but through an inherent, orderly and organic pro-

cess, called growth, or "evolution." If the atonement is to again win its place doctrinally which it once held in Christianity it must cease to be an arrangement whereby God makes it possible for Himself to do something which He wants to do all along, and it must become instead an inevitable and beautiful experience in the on-going life of the Eternal.

Three factors are involved in the right interpretation of this fact.

(1) What God does. It is self-evident that the Father simply shows himself as He is. He must be self-consistent. He cannot contradict Himself. Therefore, what we know about God as the result of spiritual tuition, must stand before what we speculate about God by ratiocination. Job staked his life that God was at least as "square" as the best of His children, and would not turn agains a man who had always been loyal to Him. If God is not a wiser, more patient, more considerate father than any one of us, He is no God at all. Therefore, every doctrine of the method in which God does things must square itself with our absolute and unshaken convictions about what kind of a God we have. The intuitional comes first, the analytical comes second. We have got to have a heart and working knowledge of God, before we subject Him to the speculative and inquisitorial processes of reason. Professr William Newton Clarke says, "The God whom Jesus Christ has revealed to us, has acted in accordance with what He is. In this work He has acted out His real self. It is morally impossible to believe that He has done anything for our salvation that does not accord with and express His own character." It is only when we become convinced of this absolute self-consistency of God, that we realize how indefensible many theories about the scheme He adopted with Himself for saving humanity, appear. We ought never to be compelled to resort to the apologetic f the Scotch preacher, who defended a repulsive dctrine of the atonement thus: "The Almighty has been forced to do certain things in His official capacity, of which He is ashamed as a private individual!" Modern conviction about God rests just on this one sure foundation, that if He is better than the best of us, He could not contradict Himself sufficient to act worse than the average of us.

(2) What man does. He changes. Not God, if you please. This was the fallacy of medieval and many modern dogmas of the atonement. They represent Christ as producing an alteration in God. As a matter of fact, the death of Christ does not mollify God, it modifies men. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, "is the unmistakable way in which Paul phrased it. The one is changed who needs to be changed, and that is man. Forgiveness or justification or reconciliation being a strictly mutual affair, the party of the second part must be in a receptive mood, if the party of the first part is to bestow anything. Now the idea of man's unpreparedness to receive what God has for him underlies the necessity for the atonement; not the idea of God's unwillingness to give man something for which he is fully ready. The human heart must be made tender, the mind convinced of its need, before the logical result of the atonement can be achieved.

(3) How it is done. In the love way. Nothing wins out enduringly more often or more surely, than love. Of all contagions, it is the most potent. And it nowhere makes itself more convincing, than by sacrifice. "The love of Christ constraineth me," said Paul, and that was the only co-ercive force that could touch the doughty apostle. The cross, then, is God loving man, so that man is changed. It is more than an exhibition on God's part of what the climacteric of love is; it is an experience in the life of God Himself which He could not avoid having. It was the Divine in humanity, agonizing over the malign in humanity. It was the Father suffering more for the sin of the child than the child does even when He realizes the awfulness of his sin. Understood thus, man is swept into the circle of reconciliation by the tide of love, by a subtle and irresistible power. The cross is the final appeal of God, tabernacled in flesh, against the blasphemous usurpations of sin in the citadel of human hearts. It is the only appeal that God could make, and make successfully. For, it combined a reverence for the right of each son of God to choose his own path, with a sure tapping of the springs of action at their source in the affections.

My little boy defiled his mother. Rebellion ruled supreme within him. Love had fled for the hour. The mother tried to win him back by words of reproof, of persuasion, of entreaty, of menace. All to no avail. The child was estranged from the mother. At last in agony for the sin of her child, the mother went apart and wept. The sound of the sobbing was heard by the boy—the sense of vicarious atonement was dimly made manifest to him. and in a flood of tears he was reconciled to his mother.

ONLY TWO PARTIES.

Geo. H. Lee.

There appear to be many parties in our country. There are perhaps really but two. One is the party made up of those who believe in methods by which the people may make their wishes effectively felt, and the other, of those who do not believe the people capable of deciding great questions of State.

Our country was founded on this latter principle. England was for the former. There were some Tories in our country even then. There seem to be many here now.

But why do not the people seem to be capable?

Is not the answer easy; namely, that it appears to be for the interests of great enterprises of commerce and business, that their schemes should not be too much interfered with and managed for the good of the many. It discourages their great enterprises to know that they must be managed so as not to interfere with the proper liberties of the least and poorest.

But the condition of the poor is the test of the excellence of government; not the condition of the rich. Government is instituted for the protection of the defenceless; not for the subservient assistance of the powerful.

It is the government that alone can take notice effectively that our press tells us of the Beef Trust having received from the public last year $945,000,000, of which the six big packing concerns in the combine cleared "$25,000,000 net profit."

It is the government that enquires into the great steamship combination whose power has been used to monopolize trans-Atlantic shipping.

A Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, or a Miles C. Moore of Washington, may deprecate as populistic the measures to which the people look in expression of their will; but it must be believed that the great body of the people belong in heart to the opposite party, of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" all the time.

OPPORTUNITY.

Said yesterday to tomorrow:
"When I was young like you,
I, too, was fond of boasting
Of all I meant to do.
But while I fell a-dreaming
Along the pleasant way,
Before I scarcely knew it
I found I was today!

"And as Today, so quickly
My little course was run,
I had not time to finish
One half the things begun.
Would I could try it over,
But I can ne'er go back;
A Yesterday forever,
I now must be, alack!

"And, so, my good tomorrow,
If you would make a name
That History shall cherish
Upon its roll of fame,
Be all prepared and ready
Your noblest part to play
In those few fleeting hours
When you shall be 'Today'!"

TWO COURSES OF TWELVE LECTURES

By Professor Wm. Frederick Bade, Ph. D.

In the auditorium of the First Congregational church, Oakland, beginning Sunday, January 22nd, and continuing for twelve Sundays at 12:30 p. m., in connection with the Busy Peoples' Bible class.

How the Old Testament Originated.

"History—that great laboratory of the logic of God." —Tyrrell.

1. The Hebrew Triple Canon and Its Significance.
2. Preparatory Stages and Influences.
3. The First Canonical Book of the Old Testament, and the First Heresy Trial.
4. The Prophets' Canon and the Theory of Its Makers.
5. The Third Canon and Disputed Books.
6. The Greek Canon and Early Difficulties of Interpretation.

Hebrew Theories of Divine Retribution.

1. The Theory of a Fall and Its Consequences.
2. The Flood and Similar Catastrophies.
3. The Theory of Group Responsibility.
4. The Test of Fortune and Misfortune.
5. The Protest of the Book of Job.
6. Justice Undisarmed by Death.

Useful books bearing on these two courses: Ryle, H. E., "The Canon of the Old Testament;" Kautzsch, E., "The Literature of the Old Testament;" Smith, W. Robertson, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church;" Smith, H. P., "Old Testament History;" Marti, K., "Religion of the Old Testament;" Jordan, W. G., "Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought;" Smith, G. A., "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament;" Bennett, W. H. "Genesis" (New Century Bible.)

This is a queer old world of ours,
For always it has been
The time a man feels most put out
Is when he's taken in.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Ventura.—The 41st annual meeting was held last week. Dinner was served and some time spent in an enjoyable social way, after which came the annual business meeting. The trustees reported a satisfactory financial condition; all obligations for the year met and a small balance on hand. An increase of $200 was voted in salary for the Rev. C. H. Dains, the pastor. The report of the clerk showed that eleven new members had been received during the year, six by letter and five by confession, making the membership at present 129. The report as to the Sunday school showed rapid growth during recent months.

Lemon Grove—The annual meeting of this church held January 3, marked the close of the first year of the pastorate of Rev. Clifford Natt. Hand. Encouraging reports were read from all departments. The roll of the clerk showed 18 accessions on confession of faith and 13 by letter during the year. There were 12 dismissions, making the present membership 67. The benevolences for the year amounted to $169.55, a gain of 140 per cent over the best previous record. The treasurer reported all bills paid and a substantial balaance in the treasury. Only a little more than a year ago the church was joined with a sister church in support of a pastor. It has had missionary aid during 1910 but courageously and enthusiastically voted to assume entire self-support for the future.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—Rev. J. H. Mallows, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Los Angeles, is a very happy man these days. The recent annual meeting of the church brought out the fact that the beautiful church edifice, dedicated in 1908, was now entirely free from incumbrance, a balance of $2,250 on the loan from the Congregational Church Building Society having been paid in 1910. The total amount received for home expenses during the year was $6,678, being an average of $50 per resident member. In addition $1,818 was raised for missionary and other benevolent purposes, an average of $14 per resident member. As the members of the church and congregation, with very few exceptions, have only moderate or small incomes, this is a remarkable showing. It was made possible only by the great generosity of a few and the self-denial of a large number of smaller contributors.

Martinez.—The annual meeting of the church was held in the parlors of the church Tuesday evening, January 10th. About 60 members and friends of the church sat around the tables and partook of a sumptuous supper prepared and served by a committee of ladies. Following the supper came the business meeting. Rev. Edmund Owens, the pastor, gave a brief summary of the last year's work and made a few recommendations for the ensuing year. Reports of the officers and affiliated societies showed a marked growth and efficiency. The treasurer reported all bills paid and a comfortable balance in the treasury. It was decided to paint the church, to hold vesper services during Holy Week, and in case the Northern California Conference should be held in the Yosemite Valley next August, to pay the fare of the pastor and one delegate. A vote of thanks was given the committee of arrangements, consisting of Mrs. E. D. Hale, Mrs. George Rice, Mrs. Henry Hale, Miss Grace Fish, and Mrs. W. G. Reed for making the meeting a most enjoyable affair.

Lockeford.—Last Wernesday, January4th, the First Congregational Church of Lockeford held its 49th annual dinner and business meeting. The dinner furnished by the ladies of the church was fully up to the mark and sustained their reputation for providing good things in the eating line. The members and friends manifested their appreciation by the way they enjoyed the occasion. The social features of the gathering was remarkable, for the good fellowship, and the happy exchange of good stories and the sparkle of bright sayings. The dinner over, business was in order. As every one was in a happy frame of mind, business was dispatched in the same delightful humor. First came the reports of acting pastor, the clerk, treasurer and the reports from the auxiliaries. The reports from every department indicated all things to be in a most encouaging condition. During the year improvements have been made on the church lot, and a neat fence erected to enclose it. The parsonage has been repainted and other improvements made. All bills against the church have been paid. The pastor's salary has been promptly paid each week. The report of the treasurer disclosed a fair balance on hand with which to meet the demands of the new year. The same is true in the auxiliaary departments, the Sunday school, Ladies' Aid and the Christian Endeavor Society. During the year 13 members were received into the church from the Sunday school. The church has also met in full its apportionment for our seven benevolent societies—and some more. All the old officers were re-elcted.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Plymouth church held its annual meeting last Wednesday night. one hundred seventy-five people sat down to a supper served by the ladies of the church. At the meeting which followed reports were heard from all departments of the church work, varying all the way from a woman's missionary society organization to the boys' athletic clubs. The reports showed a prosperous year for the church, 54 new members having been received in 1910, thus bringing the membership up to 248. The contributions to home and foreign missions amounted to $565, which is $175 more than last year. A graded course of study has this year increased the interest and attendance of the Sunday school which, with an enrollment of 340, has completely outgrown its accommodations. Besides pursuing the ordinary lines of church work with gratifying success, Plymouth church has carried on social activities by maintaining a week-day kindergarten, and two athletic clubs for boys aand young men with the use of a tennis and basketball court belonging to the church. The most notable thing done at the meeting was the decision to go forward to build a "Parish house," designed to become a social center for the neighborhood. The building proposed will be open every day in the week, and will contain a reading room, parlors and club rooms, kitchen, gymnasium, shower baths and plunge. The gymnasium will also serve as an auditorium for the Sunday school, for lectures and meetings of any neighborhood organizations. It will be provided with a stage for amateur theatricals. A unique proposal is to utilize the roof of the building for a running track and handball courts. The "Parish house" will be carefully planned to be in harmony with the artistic building of the church, which it will adjoin. Such a building is made absolutely necessary by the growth of the Sunday school and the social features of the church work. It is estimated to cost about $25,000. The Men's League of the church has been put in charge of the campaign to raise the necessary money.

Oneonta Congregational Church.—This church was organized last October with 55 members. It was instituted and recognized Sunday, January 8, with 106 charter members. The pastor, Dr. I. C. Meserve, came upon the ground soon after the first of July, last, and all the work of gathering the church has been done since then. A committee of seven members from the Los Angeles Association, appointed for the purpose, assembled at 3 o'clock in the pretty new bungalow church building on Electric Ave., examined the procedures of the church hitherto, approved them, and proceeded to the services of institution and recognition. This committee took the place of the council of ancient form. They were entirely pleased with what had been done, and the service was one of congratulation and good fellowship. Dr. William Horace Day presided and made the first address. His theme was "Congregational Churches Today." Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher followed with an address on "Congregational Fellowship." Rev. Alfred W. Hare, a personal friend of the pastor up north and down here, spoke of "A Useful Ministry." Dr. James M. Campbell, the veteran of Sierra Madre, offered the Prayer of Institution, and Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, our new Superintendent gave the address of welcome. Inspirational music, and a good collection varied and warmed the service. It was a happy time for all the new church members and for the community which already values church and preacher. The church is expected to keep on growing, perhaps not as fast as hitherto, but healthily and steadily. The field was quite ideal, the people are the very best material for a Congregational church, there is no competition close at hand, though both Pasadena and Los Angeles churches draw a good deal from this neighborhood. The church is located in Alhambra, close to the South Pasadena line. The parish lies in both cities. The pastor lives in a pretty home of his own in South Pasadena. He tells his friends that there is great satisfaction in doing a work that he can see thrive. The entire Los Angeles Association is greatly interested in the enterprise and is encouraging it in the work in every possible way. A fine church is expected to result in a comparatively brief time.

Long Beach.—The annual meeting was held last week. There was a large attendance and a most enthusiastic meeting and the reports for the year showed the splendid progress that has been made in every department of the church. The report of the clerk, Mr. W. H. Crose, showed that at the time of the consolidation of the churches, February, 1910, the combined membership was 523. During the eleven months following 27 were added by letter and 8 by confession, a total of 35. There were removed by letter 45, by death 4, and by placing on the retired list members long absent 97. This makes the net membership of the church December 31, 1910, 412. Of these 70 are absent, making 340 resident members. It is to be noted that this is actual membership and that the roll has been carefully revised to date. The Board of Trustees report that the properties now in possession of the church, at Third and Cedar and Fourth and Locust, are worth at a conservative appraisal about $50,000. The church also possesses a lot at Laguna Beach worth about $400. During the year the late Mrs. Kate A. Standen, a member of the church, deeded to it a lot in East Long Beach worth

about $1,000. This makes the total value of the church property about $51,400. There is against this property January 1, 1911, an indebtedness of $5,321. The report of the church treasurer, Mr. E. E. Norton, was most gratifying. The total receipts March 1, 1910, to January 1, 1911, were $4,786.49, total expenditures $4,767.66, leaving a balance on hand January 1, 1911, of $18.83, with all bills paid. The report of the treasurer of benevolences, Rev. W. H. Wolcalt, showed that $964.50 had been raised during the last nine months of 1910 for benevolent purposes. Last year the total amount raised by both churches during the entire year was $1,012, hence the sum raised in 1910 was larger than last year. The report of the deaconesses by Mrs. W. H. Crose showed that over $100 had been received for the work of relief in our church and a small balance was on hand. The Woman's Congregational Aid Society had three reports. The secretary, Mrs. J. A. Miller, reported the gratifying work of the various departments of the society for the past year. The report of the treasurer showed that over $900 had been raised by the work department, and a balance of $500 was on hand. The report of the financial secretary, Mrs. Hyde, showed that over $200 had been raised for missions. The report of the Sunday school read by Mr. H. H. Eddy showed a splendid record for the past year in attendance and interest. The average attendance from March 1 to January 1 was 211. The report of the treasurer of the Sunday school showed a total amount raised from March 1, 1910, to January 1, 1911, of $361.54. The reports of the C. E. Society and the Brotherhood were equally encouraging. It was a most enthusiastic meeting, and the church looks forward to the new year with larger hopes of achievement. At the January communion service twelve new members were received, two on confssion of faith.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—At the recent communion service twenty-three new members were welcomed into the fellowship of Pilgrim Church.

AGAINST THE YOSEMITE PROPOSITION.

The board of directors of the Northern California Congregational Conference sent out recently a circular letter to the churches asking them to vote on the proposition to hold the next annual meeting at Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley. A majority of the churches voted against the acceptance of the proposition; and at the meeting of the directors last Monday the invitation extended by the First Congregational Church of Berkeley was accepted.

A CONFERENCE-WIDE "BOOST" OF OUR DENOMINATION.

The Conference and the Press.

The Registrar of the Conference is sending out to 58 newspapers the following write up of the denomination in Northern California. The purpose is to inform the general public about our modest denomination. To feel our oats once in a while is not bad—if the facts warrant it, and if the intervales are not too short. The "copy" is sent to only one editor in each community, and where there is a Congregational church. Readers of the Pacific can get their local church before the public in a larger way than at present, and also do a service to the denomination by letting the editor of their local paper know how much they would like to see this piece printed, and by personally thanking him when it is printed. The copy sent out was as follows:

"A publication is just off the press which bears an interest to a large number of the people of San Francisco and the State. The little volume carries the rather dry title of "Minutes of the Northern California Congregational Conference," but hid away in the statistical tables and reports we find that this is the oldest Protestant denomination in the State, the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt having come here from Hawaii in 1849. The First Congregational church of San Francisco, of which the late Dr. Adams was pastor, was founded by Dr. Hunt. Other churches sprang up through the years until at the annual meeting of that portion of the Congregational church which lies north of Tehachapi, there were reported about 140 congregations, while Southern California has an even hundred.

"These churches are scattered all the way from Little Shasta, near the Oregon line, to Porterville, down Tehachapi way. There have been meetings held of the organized denomination for 54 years with no interruption, the meeting in October of this year having convened at Porterville.

"The Congregationalists maintain denominational headquarters in the Mechanics building, San Francisco, where the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, the Church Building Society, Sunday School Society, etc., have their offices, for the promotion of all branches of the church activity. The Minutes were compiled by the Registrar, the Rev. Charles C. Champlin, who is also pastor of Park Congregational church, San Francisco. The following are a few facts culled from the report: Six new churches were formed during the year. Four home mission churches have come to self-support. The denomination finds itself equally at home in the mountains and lumber camps as in the crowded cities or the great agricultural valleys of our State. The California Home Missionary Society (Congregational) has aided 51 churches in 1910.

"The oldest Congregational minister in point of service is Dr. Willey, of Berkeley, founder of the University of California. Dr. Kellogg, a former president of the University of California, was a Congregational home missionary. Joseph Rowell, for half a century pastor of the Seamen's church, San Francisco, and father of Librarian Rowell of the University of California, although over ninety years old, is one of the spryest ministers, and has never missed an annual conference in 54 years."

The Registrar wishes to thank the San Francisco Call and Chronicle for printing matter sent in regarding the growth and present status of our denomination. He will ask the Pacific for space just to mention other papers, which have accorded us like courtesies, in a week or so.

C. C. C.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

—Longfellow (from the Spanish.)

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the California Oriental Mission, a corporation, will be held pursuant to adjournment, on Monday afternoon, January 23rd, 1911, at the Central Mission house, 21 Brenham Place, at 1:30 p. m.

Notice is herby given in accordance with the constitution of our corporation, that at this meeting a recommendation from the Board of Directors will be submitted that article VII in our constitution be amended by the substitution of the word "January" for the word "December," so as to bring our annual meeting as soon as posible after the close of the civil year.

A further recommendation of the board will be submited changing article V of the constitution so as to read instead of "and a secretary," "a secretary and a superintendent. The secretary shall keep a record of all the meetings of this corporation and of its directors and shall have charge, under the Board of Directors, of all the business affairs of this corporation, including the raising of all funds and the administration of the same, and shall keep an account of all receipts and expenditures, drawing for the latter by check upon the treasurer. The superintendent shall have general pastoral charge over the educational, social and religious activities of the missions under the care of this corporation."

W. C. POND, Secretary.

DO IT NOW.

When you've got a job to do,
Do it now!
If it's one you wish was through,
Do it now!
If you're sure the job's your own,
Just tackle it alone;
Don't hem and haw and groan—
Do it now!

It doesn't pay to shirk—
Do it now!
If you want to fill a place
And be useful to the race,
Just get up and take a brace—
Do it now!

Don't linger by the way—
Do it now!
You'll lose if you delay—
Do it now!
If the other fellows wait
Or postpone until it's late,
You hit up a faster gait—
Do it now!

God will not change; the restless years may bring
Sunlight and shade—the glories of the spring,
And silent gloom of sunless winter hours,
Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns with fragrant flowers;
Earth-lights may shine a while, and then grow dim,
But God is true; there is no change in Him.

The Home.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Gaily the fair wild flowers blow
Under the southern palm;
Under the northern pines the snow
Lies hushed in the forest's calm.

Soft as a dream the blue sea laves
The sands of the southern shore;
Bold as a Norseman breaks the waves
On the coast of Labrador.

Shimmering-leaved magnolias gleam
Under the southern moon;
Naked, the northland orchards dream
Joys that are their's in June.

Far in the south the breath of spring,
Sweet with the orange, waits;
Far in the north the glad lakes ring
With the song of the silver skates.

Some, where the birds sing all year round,
And some, where the hearth's bright fire
Laughs at the winter's storm, have found
Their land of the heart's desire.

"NO OCCUPATION."

I'm neither a "mejum" nor a mind reader, but I can give a pretty good guess as to the time when John first thought of our employing hired help. In my opinion, this happened one day when I was not feeling well, and he offered to do the work. John is one of the kindest hearted men! He bolstered me up on the front room lounge, half smothered me in shawls, and said he, "Now, Elinor, I can stay in the house today as well as not; and if you'll make out a list of the things you were going to do this forenoon, I'll do them just like a book." So I mentioned the principal things, and he wrote them down.

Get children ready for school; wash dishes; sweep; make the beds; fill the lamps; see to the baby; rub the knives; make a stew for dinner; skim the milk; work over yesterday's butter; bake the bread; iron the baby's flannel petticoat; hang out some clothes left in the soak since Monday; bake a pie for supper. There was a piece of pie-crust in the basin, I told him, so all he would have to do was to roll it out and cover the plate, and put in the mince and cover that over.

I lay where I could look into the kitchen. The baby was close by me, in his cradle, and I managed to tend to him the greater part of the forenoon. John acted quite handy in getting the children ready for school, though Nellie B.'s parting did look some like a "herring-bone pattern"; and in clearing off the table I couldn't have done better myself, except that he took a good deal of time for it. "The best way," said he, "is to go on with regularity, and not get hurried and flurried." He scraped every dish as clean as a whistle, and piled them up in piles, the small

ones at the top, and got the pan, and went to pour out the dish-water. "Why!" said he, "there isn't a cupful!"

"The kettle ought to have been filled up," said I. "You have to look out about that."

He filled up the kettle, and said he believed he would sweep the kitchen. He carried out all the mats and shook them. "This ought to be done every day," said he, and he moved the furniture into the middle of the floor, "so as to go thorough," he said, and began to sprinkle the floor; but the baby cried then, and would not be pacified.

"He wants his bottle," said I.

John brought the milk out from the back buttery, and warmed it on the stove, and then said the bottle smelled sour.

"Yes," said I, "you have to look out about that. It wants scalding. You'll have to take him."

He carried him around while the water was heating, and let him lie on the floor and cry while the bottle was being scalded and the milk poured in; then put him in the cradle, then set back the furniture, and then went on with the dishes in first rate style. When they were about half done, he suddenly cried out,—

"Gracious!"

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Why," said he, 'the dough is rising over, and running down on the hearth!"

"Oh! I suppose so, by this time," said I; "you have to look out about that. It ought to go into the pans; but just give it a stir now, and let it wait."

He had hardly done this and scraped the dough off the hearth, and began on his dishes again, when the meat cart stopped at the gate. He wiped his hands, and slipped on his coat, and ran out and bought the meat for the stew. I told him it ought to go right over the fire, so he got the dinner pot, and wouldn't have thought of washing the meat, but I mentioned it to him, and told him how much water, and to set it in one of the back places, where it would do gradually. By this time the dish-water had grown cold, so he poured it off, and went to the kettle, but there wasn't very much hot,—he forgot to fill the kettle again—so he went to work on the dough, and kneaded that over, after a fashion of his own, and dumped it into the pans; then finished the dishes, then rubbed the knives, then filled the lamps and washed them all in soapsuds,—on account of letting the kerosene run over,—then swept the room, without moving all the furniture out this time, then went up stairs and made the beds, then brought me the pans to see if the dough were risen enough. I said it must be baked immediately, but that the oven must not be too hot at the beginning. He stepped back with it.

"There's no danger," said he. "Why, the oven's scarcely warm. There isn't very much fire."

"Oh!" said I, "the fire has to be attended to when there's anything to bake. You have to look out about that."

"You've said that four times," said he.

"I won't say it any more," said I. "Set it in a cold place, and start the fire."

"There's nothing but large wood here," said he.

"Johnny ought to have been made to bring in some dry stuff before he went to school," said I. "You have to loo—I mean, he's very apt to forget his chores."

John ran out in a hurry, and I'll own it did not distress me to hear him hacking away at the woodpile, for I've done the same thing myself, and I liked him to know what it was to want to start a fire in a hurry, and have nothing to start it up with. He soon came back with a whole armful of dry stuff, and put a good deal of it in and opened all the dampers, and set the old stove a-roaring so I thought the chimney would get afire, and called out to him for goodness' sake to shut the dampers, quick, and put in something solid. As soon as there was a good fire a-going, and the bread had been put in, he went out into the back kitchen to ring those few pieces out of the tub, and made such a splashing that though I called,—on account of wanting the baby's bottle,—and knocked with the umbrella, he did not hear, but hung out the clothes. When he came back, he looked into the oven, and said,—

"Elinor, 'tis black."

"I was afraid so," said I. "You have—that is, bread has to be watched."

John looked at his list.

"I'll iron that little petticoat now," said he.

"Is the flat-iron on?" I asked.

"No," said he. And on it went with a thump.

"How about the meat?" said I. "Don't let it catch on."

He took off the pot cover.

"It has," said he. "'Tis as dry as a chip inside here."

"I thought I smelled something," said I. "You have to—I mean it's a sign of rain when the water boils away fast."

"I'll sit down and keep watch of these matters," said he.

I inquired the time of day.

"Just going to strike eleven," said he.

"You've a good many things to do in an hour," said I.

"That's a fact," said he. "I'd better keep moving." He went into the back buttery to skim the milk, and when he came back, said the cat had saved him the trouble of skimming one pan.

"I suppose the buttery door has been left open ever since you got the baby's milk," said I. "You have to—"

"To look out about that cat?" said he.

"No," said I, "about the door. I have to stop and set a chair against it every time I come out."

This touched him in a tender spot; for if I had asked him once to get that latch mended, I had twenty times.

Sick as I felt, I thought I should die a-laughing to see the manoeuvers in that kitchen, the last hour before dinner. I think about every dish and pan in the house was brought out and set down, some in chairs, some on tables, and one or two on the floor, to make room for the ironing-cloth. John is a plucky fellow. He was determined to do everything that was on the list. He flew around like a top, running here and there, fetching and carrying, and asking questions. He spatted the butter, he peeled the potatoes and doused them in, he rushed after the meal bucket for the mush, he went like a dart to fetch the ironing-cloth, taking mighty quick steps for a person that felt in no hurry, and mighty long ones,—two of 'em took him across the kitchen,—and on his tip-toes part of the time, because I lay back with a veil over my face, and he thought I was asleep. But I wasn't. I was laughing. When the water boiled away again, I heard him mutter, "Oh! you have to look out about that." He filled the pot so full it boiled over. "Oh! you have to look out about that," he muttered again. In ironing the baby's flannel petticoat, he scorched a place, and I saw by the motion of his lips that he was whispering, "Oh! you have to look out about that." He made the same motion when the spoon handle slipped into

the mush; and when the baby—baby was out there in his high chair—grabbed the buttermilk basin; and when the fire almost went out again; and especially when some of the clothes-pins dropped off the line and let the clothes drag on the ground. The words were spoken out loud then, and had another word joined to them that sounded almost like a "swear word." I asked him when he was going to bake his pie. He asked me if I didn't think we could do very well without pie for one night, and I said, "Oh, yes, if he could." So he picked up the rolling pin out of the clothes basket, and the rolling-board from behind the door, and carried them away.

The children came home from school, and had to wait half an hour for their dinner. John let them eat as soon as it was ready, but said he believed he would quiet down a little before he took anything into his stomach, or he should have dyspepsia.

That evening after the children were in bed and the house was still, John sat by the fire a long time very quiet, as if engaged in meditation. At last he broke out with,—

"I could have done every identical thing on that list—if there had been time enough; and done them well—only for having to keep up such a continual look-out. I don't see how the—cook stove—you manage to think forwards and backwards and all around, and carry on so many things at once. And you do a great many more things than I did; make clothes and mend them, and wash, and iron, and bake, and clean house, and see to the children, and tend baby night and day; and there seems to be no end, no let-up; there's something for every hour and every minute."

"I shouldn't mind that," said I, "if there were only hours and minutes enough for the work. But sometimes when I wake up in the morning, and think of what must be done that day, and of the yesterday's work left undone, and of tomorrow's which is sure to come, I own I do now and then feel discouraged, particularly when baby has had a worrisome night. I soon brighten up, though, and take lots of comfort doing things for you and the children. But sometimes I think that, even for her family's sake, a woman ought to have time to eat."

"Why, Elinor!" said he. "What do you mean? You always come to the table regular."

"Yes," said I, "but if a woman hurries through the forenoon, and feels tired, and worried, and tremulous like, she doesn't feel like eating and besides, her food is apt to disagree with her, especially if she has to go right on hurrying right after eating; and if this sort of thing is kept up a good while, why, of course, she gets all run down, and can't do for her family as she otherwise would."

Upon this John went into another fit of meditation. Once during the time he muttered to himself without stirring: "No noonings, no evenings, no rainy days." Afterwards he turned in his chair, rested his chin on the back, and muttered the same thing: "No noonings, no evenings, no rainy days."—Abby Morton Diaz, in Woman's Journal.

A QUAKER GIRL'S "YES."

A young Quaker had been for some time casting diffident glances at a maiden of the same persuasion, while she, true to the tenets of her upbringing, had given him mighty little encouragement. However, one day the opportunity of placing the matter upon a more stable footing presented itself to Seth, and he shyly inquired: "Martha, dost thou love me?"

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden.

"Ah, Martha; but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."

Our Young People

WHAT WAS IT?

Guess what he had in his pocket!
Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leather ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brassy watch key broken in two,
A fishhook in a tangle of string?
No such a thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, with a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it, it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole. —Child's Hour.

TEN PEAS IN A POD.

A little seed lay in the moist brown earth, and talked to itself:—

"Oh, how dark it is; How I wish I could see! How queer I feel; I think I am swelling. I'm afraid I shall burst my coat. Why, I'm swelling faster and faster. I'm sure I shall burst my coat. There! I knew I should! Pop! it's burst, sure enough!"

The little seed put out a pale green shoot and a little green rootlet, but she kept on talking.

"I can put out my arm and my foot. I'm glad the old coat burst. I feel freer and—why, now my little arm is pushing—push—push. I do believe I'm going up out of my brown bed. Hurrah! I am going to see the light. It is lighter—it is quite bright. Hurry—hurry!"

The little shoot pierced the brown clod; and, if you had been there, you might have heard it as it cried out: "Oh, how lovely this is! What beautiful clouds! Is that the sun? Good morning, splendid sun! And what is that music? It's a bird, a brown bird! Good morning, thrush. A pear blossom is dropping on my head. Good morning, pear blossom! Oh, how happy I am!" And the pale green shoot opened its tiny hands, and for pure joy shook its tiny green leaves out of their bud.

Just then a little boy came down the garden path. He had a rake, a hoe, and a wheelbarrow.

"O mamma!" he shouted. "See, see, a little plant has come up in my garden."

"What kind of seed is it, Arthur?"

"A pea, I think, mamma. I planted them a week ago today."

"We will mark this little plant," said mamma, "the first to come up. And we will watch it, and see what happens to it."

So Arthur ran into the house and brought mamma a bit of scarlet wool, which she tied around the plant.

The days flew by and very joyously to the little plant. Around it grew its brothers and sisters. They, too, had burst their coats and spread their green leaves. They stood in shining rows, with curling tendrils and swelling buds. Every morning early the little boy came out to look at them.

One day he was sure he heard the little plant say softly: "I think I am going to have a blossom, a lovely pink and white blossom. Litte bud, I must hold you up to the sun. Grow, little bud, grow fast!" And, when he came the next day, there was the pink and white flower with wings outspread, as if to fly.

"O mamma, mamma, my plant has a blossom! May I touch it? May I pick it?"

"No," said mamma. "You must let it be and watch it every day. Perhaps you will then find something else by and by."

Soon the pink and white petals began to grow brown. The little plant mourned. "What shall I do? My blossom is fading. But something better is coming,—a tiny pod. Fall, little petals. Let the pretty pod grow and grow in the glad bright sunshine."

"Mamma," said Arthur, "the first flower has fallen." And then she showed him the tiny pod.

Fast fell the petals from the shining rows; larger, longer, rounder grew the green pods. And one morning Arthur's mamma came with her scissors and one by one cut off the plump full pods and put them in her basket.

Arthur picked the first pod, and tied around it a scarlet thread. They sat on the piazza steps, and opened the pods. In the little pod with the scarlet thread he counted "one—two—three — four — five—six—seven—eight — nine—ten little balls."

"Mamma," he said, "I wish I might know at dinner just what peas grew on my plant."

So mamma made a tiny bag of fine netting for the ten peas, and dropped them into the boiling water. Bubble, bubble, sang the water. Dance, dance went the peas. And, when Arthur sat down to dinner, there in the center of the dish of peas was the little bag of netting.

"What have we hear?" asked papa.

"The peas from my vine," shouted Arthur.

Then mamma cut the netting and out rolled the ten peas into a saucer.—OurLittle Men and Women.

GOING WITH THE CROWD.

"But all the girls went, mother. I don't like to be the only one left out. Besides, when I said I wouldn't go, they all laughed at me and said I was a coward."

It was Wednesday morning before school time and Anna was dreading to go back to school, dreading to meet her teacher. The day before a circus had been in town. At recess, while the children were in play-ground, they heard the noise of the band, and one of the girls said, "Let's go and see the parade."

"All right," said Anna, "I'll go and ask teacher if we may go."

"No, don't ask her; she might say so. We can go back before the bell rings, and she will never know that we left the grounds."

Anna and one or two of the girls held back. They all knew it was against the rules to go off the play-ground at recess, without permission.

When the girls saw the parade pass one point, they wanted to see it once more, and away they went, through a cross street, to get to the corner before the procession. School was forgotten; and when they did remember, it was long past recess time and too late to go back.

The next morning, as Anna stood in the kitchen, talking it over with her mother, her little heart was very heavy. She knew she had done wrong. She dreaded to go to school, and she was very unhappy.

"Perhaps," said her mother, "if you had been brave about not going, the other girls would have stayed on the school grounds, too. Or, if you had asked the teacher, I think she would have let you go. But whether you did or not, it is never safe to do a thing just because 'all the rest do it.' Going with the crowd is not a safe plan unless you are sure the crowd is going in the right direction. The only wise thing for you to do is to be sure you are right and then stick to it and never mind what the crowd does."

"I didn't mean to do wrong," said Anna, as the tears started to her eyes.

"I know that, my dear," said her mother, "but you were more afraid of being teased than you were of doing wrong. I hope you will remember from this day forward that the brave girl is not the girl who dares to do wrong, but the one who does what she knows to be right in spite of the taunts and jeers of her playmates."

"What shall I say to my teacher?" asked Anna in a low voice, as she dropped her head.

"Oh," said her mother, kissing her, "you go right straight to your teacher and tell her that you have done wrong and that you are sorry for it. Ask her to let you say so before the whole school. Be sure to beg pardon and promise not to do so again."

Little Anna did as her mother told her. That afternoon, when she came back from school, she ran to her mother's arms and said:

"Mother, I'm so happy. Teacher forgave me, and I mean to be good."

And the smile on Anna's face spoke plainly of a happy heart.—Floyd's Flowers.

BEAT THE OTHERS BY ONE.

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance and finally came to parental dignity. The minister's little

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D.D.' "

"Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.' " retorted the daughter of the physician.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party, "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it, 'C. O. D.' "

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Tommy—I get lots of lickin's for nothin', any how.

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